

SPIRIT OF THOMISM

— Philip Scharper

THE

Commonweal

Myth and Fact

AXIOMS OF FOREIGN POLICY

by Harold C. Hinton

Scandal of Algeria

THE OTHER FRANCE

by Anne Fremantle

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THE Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts

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—week by week—

WITHOUT SECTION III

THREE YEARS after the Supreme Court's decree on integration in the nation's schools the need for appropriate means of hastening the process is as acute as ever. The Senate vote confining Section III in the pending civil rights bill to protection of the individual's right to vote repulsed a major effort to strengthen the federal government's power of enforcement. The provisions which have been excised did embody serious weaknesses unforeseen by Attorney General Brownell and his staff. To sacrifice these provisions in the interest of an act that will secure the Negro's right to vote may prove eventually to have been the part of wisdom. But exactly where does it leave the nation's schools?

In such cities as Chicago, Detroit and New York—and in many a Northern suburb—a number of devices are resorted to in order to achieve varying degrees of segregation. School districting in such a way as to take in only certain neighborhoods is one; careful assignment of individual pupils (and teachers) with race in mind is another. Such undefined policies on the part of local school officials tend to have the support of many parents if not the willing acquiescence of communities as a whole. Such arrangements are often of recent origin, stemming from changes in various neighborhoods. While these policies are official in a local sense, they differ from Southern segregation in a number of key characteristics.

In the South, for instance, there are often two separate local school systems clearly designated as such. Such instruments of discrimination are usually provided for by state or local statutes. They represent a tradition extending back over several generations. And as Keith Kyle recently pointed out in *Commentary*, whereas public schools in the North constitute one of the principal means of

“Americanizing” many national and racial strains, the traditional Southern school set-up has operated chiefly to differentiate and separate the two races.

There seems to be little evidence of widespread organized efforts to integrate Northern schools with a view to compliance in those communities where conditions would seem to demand it. But in several border states and cities the Supreme Court integration order has in fact resulted in some rather thorough-going changes—from the nation's capital to Louisville and points West.

In a half-dozen states of the deep South, as far as actual student integration is concerned, it is as if the Court decree had never been issued. The public schools continue to operate on a segregated basis from border to border. The “massive resistance” of which Senator Byrd of Virginia has warmly spoken looms large. With a few notable exceptions it enjoys the support of the local and regional press. Several bishops have been in the forefront of those opposing segregated schooling, and local ministers of religion have often been its staunchest critics.

BUT WHEREAS up to now in a number of states in the deep South segregated school systems so far remain untouched, there are new factors already in operation in that extensive region. In the course of the past three years there have been a number of eloquent appeals to the Christian conscience in various states. And as there are few sections of this country where Communism is more sincerely abhorred and feared, it is said that many Southerners are given pause by the consideration that America's failings in the matter of justice to the Negro are greatly advancing the Communist cause among colonial peoples the world

over. Finally, as patriots proud of their traditions, the people of the South are in the last analysis unable to ignore the demands of the law of their native land.

Time, then, is on the side of law and order and justice, and against the forces seeking to maintain inferior status here in the United States. How can these fellow-citizens be induced to abandon accustomed ways soon enough to benefit the present school generation? For the North, where school systems have been guilty, there is the opportunity to eradicate segregation by subterfuge and thus exercise the force of example. Negatively it is incumbent upon spokesmen for other sectors to refrain from superficial and heated tirades against the ruling powers in the South. At the same time there remains the obligation upon all to press steadily forward toward full-scale integration by every effective means.

Now that Section III can no longer be counted on for purposes of prosecution, enforcement of integration will have to depend on local courts—primarily on federal district courts. It is here that organizations such as the NAACP will have to bring well-founded charges in a manner befitting a plaintiff confident that the law clearly sustains him, and in such situations which appear most amenable to strategy of this kind. The goal is one that must never be lost sight of, nor should the pressure ever be allowed to slacken.

At present token compliance has taken on some curious forms. One basis for this is local interpretation of the Supreme Court decree to this effect: desegregation means that "no child shall be denied

admission to a school [to which he applies] on the basis of race or color." This view would not require a community to reorganize and integrate its whole school system. According to this view things will continue much as before, as the number of individual Negro applicants will be few. Several widely scattered cities have recently granted a handful of applications by Negroes for admission into large local schools and colleges. This would appear to be more of a gesture than an opening wedge.

Rarely has a situation confronted the whole American people which called for a better-stocked armory of personal and political virtues. And it would seem that the Negro bus-riders of Montgomery, Alabama have shown the way.

REMAINING REFUGEES

THE REPORT of an observer for the Hungarian Catholic League of America has stressed the fact that Hungarian refugees still need help. More than 9,000, almost half of the total number of refugees who escaped to Yugoslavia, are still in refugee camps there. Most of these Hungarians continued fighting until the Austrian-Hungarian border was closed. Only when Russia's armaments were overpowering, when their cause seemed hopeless, did these Hungarians leave their country. They fled to Yugoslavia—and to the inevitable conditions of refugee camps which, even under the best of conditions, are crowded and unpleasant.

There is a danger, said Adam Tarnoczy, the League observer, that these people who opposed Communist brutality with their whole being may be demoralized by the forced inactivity and unavoidable frustrations of the refugee camps. The need to act might even drive them back to their enslaved homeland. They are presently sustained by hope. But it is a hope that is subject to the erosion of time. They need help and they need it now. For this help the refugees look principally to the United States, the only country which seems clearly able to provide for them.

The lead in admitting the refugees was taken by the smaller countries. France, for instance, admitted from Yugoslavia 2000 Hungarians, Belgium 1500, and West Germany about 950. The United States has been slow in admitting refugees from Yugoslavia because it was initially more concerned with the larger numbers who escaped into Austria. But another reason, it must be admitted, is that some officials, such as Representative Francis E.

NEXT WEEK

J. N. MOODY writes of recent efforts toward reconciliation between Belgian Catholics and Socialists.

"In contemporary Belgium . . . Christian trade unionism is vigorous and increasing in strength, and there is a variety of other agencies of Christian inspiration that provide a fairly strong counterweight to Marxist influence. This dynamic factor in Belgian society and politics has inspired the Socialists to re-examine their traditional attitude toward religion. Something has obviously gone wrong when a notable minority of workers have retained their religious convictions after nearly a century of Marxist propaganda."

Walter, underwent violent reversals of opinion and voiced fears that not all the refugees were sufficiently anti-Communist. At a time when no one was quite sure of the number of Hungarians who had crossed the border, one commentator even volunteered to tell how many of these fleeing refugees were Communists.

This kind of excited aberration has fortunately disappeared from comments about the refugees. Unfortunately, public interest in the refugees has also dwindled. For both the free world and Communist, Hungary is no longer only a country: it is an event. It is an event whose reverberations continue to shake the monolithic totalitarian state. And the Hungarian refugees now in Yugoslavia's camps helped shape that event. No more than the revolt should these people be forgotten.

The president of the Hungarian Catholic League, Monsignor John S. Sabo, has said that his organization will find homes and jobs for all refugees the government admits. The United States has taken a small initial step by recently admitting sixty-two who fled to Yugoslavia. This is a welcome action. The problems of admitting large numbers of refugees are, admittedly, complex. But if they can be solved by smaller countries they should not be an irresistible obstacle for the United States. Our country should be big enough to receive many more of the still hopeful refugees.

PERSPECTIVES

CORRESPONDENTS in Britain inform us of the recent publication by the *London Daily Telegraph* of a special sixteen page supplement on the United States. The lead editorial was entitled "Know Your Friends," and this was the purpose of the special edition: to present a portrait of the United States—in political, economic and social terms—which would pave the way to a greater understanding and to strengthened ties between Britons and Americans.

Some of the gravest observations on our manner of life provoke a smile from the American reader, because they miss the points we think so obvious; some of the comments arouse resentment, to a greater or lesser degree, not that they are wrong exactly, but that they don't see things "in the proper perspective."

Then we realize that what is wrong with the British perspective is mostly just that it isn't ours. And that the British see things from a British point of view is not at all strange or unnatural. This is

a great discovery, and once having made it, it is possible to read with a new insight, and to learn much, both about Britons and ourselves.

Other British publications are devoting columns to similar considerations of Anglo-American relations, and correspondents here are beginning to join in the dialogue. Even aside from the content of these discussions, this is a heartening development. There is infinitely more to bind Britain and America together than there can ever be to drive them apart, and the fact that a give-and-take of candid opinion is possible between our two peoples is proof in itself of the reality and honesty of a tested, tried and enduring friendship.

DEATH OF THE SCHOOL BILL

THE FEDERAL school construction bill is dead, and there seems little hope of bringing it to life. Ever since 1953 President Eisenhower has been calling for some kind of federal assistance to the states in the gigantic job of repairing and expanding the nation's schools, but now four years have gone by, legislation has been twice defeated in the House, and prospects for another try in this or subsequent sessions of Congress are bleaker than ever before.

Federal aid to schools has been one of the measures the President has consistently urged—in speeches, in both State of the Union messages, as part of the 1956 Republican platform. But last year, and now again, the bill to accomplish this end has been killed in Congress by the same kind of maneuver: a majority of Representatives—Republicans and Northern Democrats—joined in amending the bill to withhold federal aid in segregated areas, and then a second coalition—Republicans and Southern Democrats—voted to kill it altogether.

The final vote was close—208-203—with a majority of Republicans voting to kill the bill, including two of the three Republican leaders in the House. As the closeness of the vote shows, a very little pressure from the White House could have saved the school aid bill, but no such pressure was exerted. The President showed inexplicable indifference. He would accept the measure in its proposed form, he said, "as a starter," but he was "not entirely satisfied" with it. His unconcern was reflected in the failure of his own party leaders to support the bill and, finally, in its defeat.

The proponents of federal aid to schools are discouraged, not simply by the defeat of the bill,

which is discouraging enough, but by the manner of its defeat. They relied on Mr. Eisenhower's repeatedly avowed belief in the necessity of such legislation, and they counted on his influence with Congress. They were disappointed.

Congressmen who supported the school construction program—in accordance with the wishes of the President and the Republican Party platform—believe now that legislation in this area is dead for a long time. And, to their considerable confusion, those chiefly responsible for this sad fact are the Republican Party and President Eisenhower himself.

A FREE COUNTRY

ONE OF Britain's leading geneticists, Professor J. B. S. Haldane, has decided that India is more free than England. As he left England to settle in India he said, "I want to live in a free country where there are no foreign troops all over the place." Although he admitted that he was referring to Americans he added that he had no particular ire for Americans, that he would feel the same toward troops that were "German, French or anything else."

During World War II the world-renowned scientist made valuable contributions to Britain's war-time efforts. As chairman of the editorial board of the London *Daily Worker* he wrote notable scientific articles for the paper. Like many other Communist sympathizers, he, too, became somewhat disenchanted with the Party. He was, apparently, less discouraged by the Party's political actions than he was by its scientific decisions, for it was his opposition to theories of Soviet geneticist Trofim D. Lysenko that caused his devotion to Communism to dwindle.

But if his ties to the Party have weakened they have not been replaced by ties to Britain's present policies. And so he has gone in search of a free country. Given the criteria Mr. Haldane used to describe a free country, many people will be surprised at the ease of his choice. For one need not be a detractor of either India or its Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, to think that it is no more "free" a country than England. Like most countries today India has its own serious problems. Mr. Haldane can find in India both refugees and "foreign" troops. And most other countries Mr. Haldane might visit would not prove much better.

This may be a sad commentary on present world conditions, but it is inescapable. The resurgence of national feeling and the ravages of the cold war

have left few countries untouched. And the presence of "foreign" troops in England and elsewhere is one of the inevitable signs of the continuing conflict. Mr. Haldane apparently finds it as difficult as do some isolationist Americans to understand that American troops abroad are a guarantee of freedom, a bulwark and protection against the threat of Communism.

He has attempted to escape the problem by leaving his country. The more difficult, and fruitful, action—which most Americans are learning—is to accept the heavy burden of defending the freedom of the Western world.

SARTORIAL NOTE

THE PHENOMENON has been there to be seen for quite some time, no doubt, but it was just the other day that we fell to musing on the triumph of the Ivy League style in fashions for men. Natural shoulders and narrow lapels, somber colors and dignified cut are the now ubiquitous hallmarks of the Ivy mode, and what used to be the special garb of a special breed of northeastern American is now the accepted dress of John Doe all over the nation.

What is curious about this fact is that the Ivy look is traditionally the mark of the Harvard type, the intellectual, the sophisticated Easterner. And, as we are assured continuously by writers who claim access to the general will, this type is either an object of fun or a sinister figure in the popular imagination. He is an egg head, probably a "pinko," more than likely a "bleeding heart" internationalist. He is clearly not a one hundred per cent American.

But if the Ivy League egg head is a figure of mixed suspicion and derision, how is it that his working clothes have become prestige symbols for the nation at large? Why, if he holds the type in such contempt, does the average citizen now wear his emblematic short haircut and gray flannel suit?

We read too many papers to deny the existence today of anti-intellectualism or the prevalence of the anti-Harvard animus, yet merely to say paradox is to explain nothing. All we can offer is the observation that in cultural values, as in everything else, things are seldom as simple as they seem. Opposing attitudes can and do exist simultaneously in the minds of men, and we think this is the case here. The Ivy Leaguer's place in American life is not to be seen in black or white; it is as darkly gray as his famous flannel suit.

Axioms of Foreign Policy

"NATIONS, IT HAS BEEN SAID HAVE NO PERMANENT FRIENDS
OR PERMANENT ENEMIES, ONLY PERMANENT INTERESTS"

HAROLD C. HINTON

IT MUST BE many years since an American Secretary of State regarded his job as a sinecure, but the problems which have arisen to plague the present incumbent during the past year or two probably have no parallel for complexity and sheer difficulty. They would perhaps be a little less difficult of solution if more Americans could be brought to refine their thinking on foreign policy and permit, or even compel, their officials to do the same.

It is easy to identify some of these problems. Since the death of Stalin the Communist world has been groaning under the strain of a major reorientation. Its exact significance and the ways in which it might be exploited for our benefit are controversial subjects, but it is essential to realize that the reorientation is less a sign of weakness, let alone of impending collapse, than it is of strength and flexibility. To adopt the opposite view as the official one, as our government has come close to doing at least in public, is a dangerous mistake.

Communist China continues to grow in power and in prestige throughout the rest of Asia and the Middle East. From the tone of Communist propaganda one would gather that the resumption of hostilities in Korea is not an impossibility, and if it comes we would be in a very difficult position indeed. The Chinese Nationalists are likely to find their position in the offshore islands increasingly untenable and to turn to us for direct help. Along the vast perimeter of the Soviet bloc there are other spots, such as Afghanistan, Nepal, and Laos, which could become critical at any time and in which there seems to be a long term trend in favor of the Communists.

As if we were not having enough trouble from our opponents, we are also in difficulties with many who should be our friends. Our standing on Formosa may never recover fully from the riots of last May and the issues which produced them. It is doubtful whether many Americans realize the full extent of the damage which our policy at the time of the Suez crisis did to our position in Britain and France. Our standing with

the peoples of Eastern Europe also suffered from our policy of all talk and no action at the time of the Hungarian crisis, which offered the best opportunity to date to "roll back the tidal mud of Communism." If we now refuse to aid Poland, which next to Yugoslavia has gone farther than any Communist country in dissociating itself from Moscow, our standing will probably sink lower still.

These are only a few of the problems of foreign policy which bedevil us today. They are problems of a new type, and therefore probably insoluble by old methods, or in the absence of a larger public understanding of their nature and of the nature of foreign policy itself.

NATIONS, it has been said, have no permanent friends or permanent enemies, only permanent interests. Like other principles of general validity in international affairs, this applies to the United States. Yet the idea that the United States is subject to the same general ills and laws of development as other countries seems strange to many Americans. We suffer, for example, from much the same internal racial and social tensions, the same creeping inflation, and the same difficulty in discerning our own true interests that afflict other nations. Why then should the "illusion of American omnipotence," as Professor Dennis Brogan has aptly called it, and the belief that God takes special care of children, drunkards, and the United States, continue to flourish among us?

The reason lies in the uniqueness of America's historical experience. We are the only major nation whose growth has occurred in an area immensely well endowed with natural resources, in the absence of powerful neighbors, with a massive influx of European immigrants, and for the most part without political subordination to any other country. It is these things that have made America great. And yet they are, except for the last, wasting assets. Our natural resources are being gradually depleted, and we are not economically self-sufficient. The growth of technology has placed a powerful potential enemy within striking dis-

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tance of us across the North Pole. Immigration as a major feature of American life no longer exists. And as our uniqueness erodes away, we shall have to learn increasingly to act and think of ourselves as a nation like other nations.

This means that we must begin to identify our true national interests with greater precision than heretofore. To say that they are basically our own security and prosperity is true, but not concrete enough to be helpful. To say that we must combat or contain Communism until it eventually withers away or collapses is also true, but inadequate. If Communism were to disappear, what would we want to see in its place? Answers to questions such as this require some definition of the main forces which operate in world politics today and the relationship of the United States to them.

FAR MORE THAN most Americans realize even today, much of the rest of the world is undergoing a "revolution of rising expectations." People who not long ago were inertly miserable are today alertly miserable. This applies not only to people in Asia, the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America, but to many Europeans as well. They are in roughly the same position as the American labor movement seventy years ago, before it had begun to win through collective bargaining the gains which it enjoys today. Just as no one should want to put American labor back where it was before, so no one should deny the right of other people to improve their lot, even though the United States may be somewhat inconvenienced in the process.

The fact that the Communist countries have adjusted their foreign policies to this reality far more than we have is one of the things which make them dangerous. Very few poor people elsewhere in the world believe that their problems would be solved if they adopted American ways, but a considerable number think this about Communism. This is true partly because Communism is a supranational ideology, however false or inadequate, and it is doubtful whether it can be permanently contained or eventually eliminated except by a superior supranational ideology.

There is every reason to think that the people of the



Communist countries, like people in many others, want something better than their governments are giving them now. Some Communist governments, notably those of Poland and Yugoslavia, have come to understand that they must meet these expectations but that they cannot do so through internal development along strict Stalinist lines, or through meager Soviet aid. Consequently they have relaxed their domestic policies somewhat or have turned to the free world for trade and aid, or both. These tendencies are not welcome in the Soviet Union, for Khrushchev's ideas on "de-Stalinization" stop considerably short of what has been done in Poland and Yugoslavia, and what would have been done in Hungary if he had not intervened. To this extent, any manifestation of such inclinations on the part of a country of the Soviet bloc tends to weaken its solidarity with the Soviet Union and ought to be welcomed by this country.

From our point of view such mild "mellowing" in the Communist countries is the best practical possibility. We are unwilling and perhaps unable to overthrow Communist governments by force. Their chances of being overthrown by internal revolutions, especially since our failure to help the Hungarian insurgents, appear so slight as not to be visible to the naked eye. To refuse to encourage a mellowing inside Communist countries—by denying aid to Poland, for example—would drive these countries back toward Stalinism and further into the arms of the Soviet Union, and probably embitter their peoples against us as well. It is hard to see how this can be expected to help the United States.

Too many Americans seem to think that moral indignation ("Communism is evil, and we should have nothing to do with Communist regimes"), or the spending of money ("Why aren't these people more grateful for all the aid we've given them?"), or threats of force ("The only thing an Asian understands is force"), or a combination of these, is the best way to achieve results in foreign relations. And yet each of us knows that in private life these means do not help much to make new friends, to benefit those friends we already have, or protect us from our enemies. Negotiation, compromise, and maneuvering are generally more effective in cases of conflicts of interest, and a simple spirit of friendship in cases where there is no conflict. The same methods ought to apply in foreign relations, but our government, like others, makes less use of them than it should. The explanation is not primarily that our diplomats are incompetent or badly informed, for they generally are not. Rather, it is that they often have little room for maneuver because they are circumscribed by public opinion, as reflected in the directives issued to them by their political superiors.

If we add those Americans who believe that we should have no foreign relations at all to those who

believe that our foreign relations should be characterized mainly by moral indignation, or the spending of money, or threats of force, we arrive at a total which is both large and vocal. These people are all opposed to Communism, but they generally fail to realize that many of the Communist leaders whom they detest are abler than they are, and indeed abler than the general run of world statesmen. One does not survive, let alone come to the top, in a jungle, physical or political, without quick reflexes and sharp claws. Indeed, paradoxically enough, most vocal anti-Communists in this country tend to underestimate, rather than overestimate, the seriousness of the threat which Communism poses to us and the rest of the world.

Another depressing fact about American public thinking on foreign policy is that until the emergence of Communism our government had no comprehensive or consistent policy for promoting the welfare of other people. American (and European) corporations operating abroad were content to draw profits, as many still do, under conditions which made eventual revolution and their own expropriation very likely. To the peoples in the countries concerned, therefore, our present concern for the "underdeveloped areas" seems a bit belated and self-interested, and we should not expect much gratitude in return for our aid. In any event, gratitude is an unstable basis for any relationship, since it is so easily turned into resentment and a feeling of frustration at the beneficiary's inability to repay.

AMERICA'S MAJOR interest, of course, is the preservation of its own liberty, stability, and prosperity. The relevance of foreign policy to this goal is that these things cannot be preserved, except temporarily and in truncated form, unless we enjoy broad and friendly contacts, cultural as well as diplomatic and commercial, with as many foreign governments and peoples as possible. Such relations will be possible roughly to the extent that other nations are also free, stable, and prosperous, and we must help as many of them as possible to become or remain so, although we cannot make them so.

In keeping with this principle, there ought to be a loosening of restrictions on travel and migration and a lowering of tariffs, on a general, rational, and reciprocal basis; any temporary difficulties would be more than compensated for by improved relations. There is no reason why this policy should not be applied to Communist or other uncongenial countries, provided always that it is done reciprocally. Our ingenuity has not so far deserted us that we need fear being skinned every time we deal with a Communist government.

If, on the other hand, we want to strike a psychological and diplomatic blow at the Communist countries, this can be done without harming their peoples.

Why, for example, do we not challenge the outrageous fiction under which White Russia and the Ukraine are separately represented in the United Nations? We could easily offer to exchange diplomatic missions with these two "nations" and represent to them in detail why this was undesirable. If they are unable to conduct their own foreign relations, what right have these governments to be in the United Nations, to which only states are entitled to belong? So far as I know, this has never been tried, and yet as a diplomatic stroke it would probably be more effective, and certainly more humane, than helping to starve Poles.

We should certainly not treat all foreign states alike, for we have friends and enemies whether permanent or not. Clearly the nations of the British Commonwealth, those of NATO, and indeed any which conduct themselves in a reasonable fashion in their domestic and foreign policies, ought to be counted among our friends. Those who do not should not be treated as friends, but it is still not necessary to treat them as enemies except when they behave as such.

It is also in our national interest to prevent the emergence of a powerful hostile force in this hemisphere. Such a contingency, while now remote, could materialize in time through the Communization of Latin America. Conditions there are similar in many respects to those in Asia, where Communism has made huge gains, and in the Middle East and Africa, where it is beginning to make progress. The military dictatorships and impoverished populaces which are all too common in Latin America make an excellent breeding ground for Communism or some other form of extremism. To encourage the emergence of democracy in this region, where it does not yet exist, is to serve our own interests as well as those of the people immediately concerned.

It is also in our interest to help and cooperate with the democratic nations of Europe and the British Commonwealth. This does not, of course, mean that we necessarily have to side with them in every case where one of them has a conflict of interest with a non-European nation, for such cases ought to be judged strictly on their merits.

The neutralist nations of Europe, the Middle East, Asia, and Africa deserve our respect and tolerance even in matters where we cannot agree with them. This attitude should also extend to a possible drift toward neutralism in countries now allied with us.

In all our ventures we need to achieve a keener sense of the limitations inherent in economic aid programs, military alliances, and military aid programs. They are valuable when based on mutual friendship and respect but virtually worthless in their absence. Not every foreign government which proclaims its anti-Communism and signs on the dotted line with us would necessarily be a friend in our time of need.

A WIDER understanding and application of these simple principles on the part of the American public would result in a better foreign policy and better foreign relations. They would, certainly, prove infinitely superior to moral indignation, lavish expenditure, and threats of force.

To avoid an appearance of naiveté, though, I should emphasize that these principles will not necessarily bear prompt or spectacular fruit. In most cases the diplomat must make a reasoned choice among alternatives, almost all of which are often unpleasant. He must take calculated risks, and inevitably these sometimes turn out the wrong way.

We tend to forget that the execution of foreign

policy requires not only judgment but patience. Americans are less patient than most other peoples, presumably because they have done so much in such a short time. In addition, like other democratic governments, our government likes quick results to impress the voters. But diplomacy, as George Kennan has said, bears less of a resemblance to engineering, at which Americans excel, than it does to gardening, at which the British are probably better than we. Gardening takes patience, the creation of favorable conditions, and an understanding of the processes of organic growth. American diplomacy has not been very notable, at least in recent years, for its green thumb. It is time we began to understand why.

SCANDAL OF ALGERIA

The Other France

ANNE FREMANTLE

THE TWENTIETH of July was the anniversary of the unsuccessful *putsch* against Hitler in 1944. It was led by such men as the saintly Count von Moltke and George Goerdeler, and participated in by over five thousand heroes of the "other Germany"—the Germany that repudiated Hitler and Nazism. Almost, if not all, of the five thousand perished, among them landowners, priests, townsfolk, trade union officials, village worthies, women—good Germans all. Their effort, hallowed even in its failure, is recalled by that of the "other France"—the France that resolutely, courageously, patriotically and above all, Christianly, has set, and is still setting, its face against the scandal of Algeria. It sets its face against the admitted use of torture by the French authorities, both civil and military, in North Africa, and against the savage repression that, according to the French official figures of April 1956 had killed 16,450 "rebels" as against 363 European civilians and 1,800 French military dead at the hands of the said "rebels."

Few Frenchmen—from the most Catholic to the most Communist—deny France's right to Algeria. "In the face of a violent attempt to evict them, which threatened the lives and the livelihood of a million Frenchmen, the Government could not possibly begin negotiations before having proved to their adversaries that their military forces were sufficient to overcome them; else to negotiate would only mean to capitulate,"

Mrs. Fremantle, a contributing editor of *The Commonwealth*, has written frequently on religious life in Europe and the Middle East.

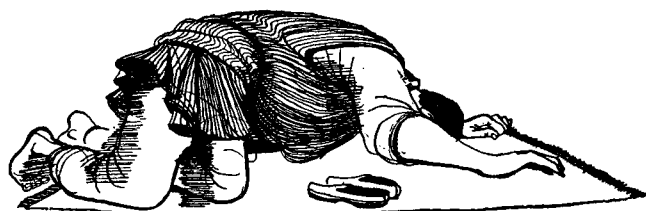
as Pierre-Henri Simon wrote in *Contre la Torture*. He goes on to say: "What is damnable and deplorable is that the war has been conducted in a spirit of cruelty and vengeance which, far from preparing for the later, essential reconciliation, has made it more difficult." M. Simon, who was for four years a prisoner-of-war in Germany, and knew Belsen from the inside, knows too how terribly infectious cruelty is, and how insidious cowardice. There are millions of Frenchmen today, as twelve years ago there were millions of Germans, who do not wish to know about such things as torture. As the German university professor told Robert D'Harcourt, "we preferred not to be too informed about such matters—anyway, civilians were forbidden access to the camps, or even to discuss them." And today many of the French add, as the Germans also did, that their own people are suffering from war's inconveniences, and this is no moment to waste pity on the enemy. . . .

There is no need to detail or to authenticate the tortures and the reprisals: anyone who has followed the French press in the past three years has been given enough corroborated evidence to make him sick. Public figures have resigned in protest at the tortures; individual journalists have been arrested, fined and imprisoned for protesting, and they spoke from every political persuasion except the extreme right. But mostly these have been personal affirmations of horror at the brutality of the French authorities, not the less courageous, but certainly the less efficacious, for that.

By and large, the only coherent, organized rejection of French repressive methods in Algeria has been by Christians, in the name of Christ—just as, under Hitler, as Count von Moltke pointed out, in the last analysis his companions and he stood before their judges not as noblemen, not even as Germans, but as Christians. The Catholic monthly *Esprit*, after maintaining complete silence on the Algerian question for two years, in April and May 1957 devoted two issues to verbatim reports from Algeria, mostly by French soldiers. And other publications have also carried articles that were truly patriotic in their condemnation of the descent by the conquerors to the level of the conquered. *La Croix* has been truly courageous, and *Réforme* protested against the reprisals of April 20, 1955, when ten times as many rebels as Europeans were killed.

Not that such condemnation has been unanimous. One young priest, wounded in Viet Nam, spoke for a considerable section of the clergy as well as of the laity when he said, "Torture—yes, we torture; it is inevitable. If you were in the jungle, responsible for the lives of forty Frenchmen, and you knew you could find out what would save their lives by driving a nail through a village woman's hand to make her talk, wouldn't you do it?" And in Algeria, as M. Simon reports, for the telephone torture (very much in vogue as it leaves no scars), "many a pious young seminarist can be found turning the handle."

BUT THE CHURCH, which did not protest the conquest of Algeria by the French one hundred and twenty-seven years ago, has at every step attempted to mitigate for the conquered people the effects of that conquest. As the geographer Jean Dresch pointed out in his *La Proletarianisation des masses indigènes en Afrique du Nord* (and his findings and figures are corroborated and confirmed by high Commissioner R. Delavignette in his *Les Problèmes du Travail Paysannerie et Proletariat*), one of the chief of these effects has been the dispossession of the local peasantry: "730,000 rural families have been totally deprived of lands and ought to be considered paupers," Dresch wrote in 1951, and Delavignette adds, "the natives of North Africa are . . . colonized proletarians, restricted to manual labor . . . they are simply the servants of an economy of speculation and constantly



menaced by the crises that drought or other changes in the flow of raw material may provoke."

Cardinal Lavigerie, the great founder of the White Fathers, courageously insisted, in the middle of the nineteenth century, both to Napoleon III and to Pope Pius IX, that only in so far as the French conquest brought to the native North Africans the benefits of *Christian* civilization would it endure. Marshal Lyautey, who wished to be buried in the Moslem cemetery of Chella, so that he might appear with his brothers-in-arms before the same Judge, and Charles de Foucauld, who chose to live, not as the French nobleman and officer he was, but as the most abject of the natives, with and among them, repeatedly said the same thing.

Today it is the Fraternities of the Little Brothers of Jesus, and the *Badaliya* of Professor Louis Massignon, Professor at the Collège de France and France's greatest living Arabist, which best represent the "other France" with which alone the "rebel" Algeria can make peace. The Little Brothers have two Fraternities in urban areas of Arab North Africa, one in the European proletarian section; one in the rural Berber part; one Fraternity among the nomads, one in the desert at Tamenrasset (where de Foucauld was murdered in 1916) and their novitiate at El Abiodh, also in the desert proper. Their vocation is only contemplative, to adore Christ among the people most like Him in His earthly life ("Our Lord took the lowest place and no one can take it from Him," de Foucauld said). Last year when I was at the novitiate of the Little Sisters at Le Tubet, Aix-en-Provence, they were rejoicing—and truly—that one of the Little Brothers had been killed by the "rebels" while driving a truck in Algeria. They hoped that by refusing to allow any repressive measures to be taken in his case, they could make it clear to the Arabs that they were not on the French side, not on any side, but were in North Africa only to live their witness as friends and brothers.

THE BADALIYA, which began as an association for joining Catholics in France to the Oriental Christians, particularly those of Arab race or language, has become a union in prayer also with and for the Moslems, who are descendants of Hagar, and who, by their veneration for Issa Ibn Maryam (Jesus son of Mary) the Ruh' Allah, or Spirit of God, have some, albeit imperfect, understanding of Him. *Al-Badaliya* means substitution, and the object of the members of the *Badaliya* is to substitute themselves in prayer as ransom for the Moslem, as in the days of St. Louis the Christians "substituted" for slaves in the galleys, to redeem them.

Members of the *Badaliya*—the sodality was approved on January 6, 1947, by Monsignor P.K. Medawar, at Gezirat Badran—offer the Angelus three times

a day and their Friday Communions for the conversion of Islam (Friday, the day consecrated to the Sacred Heart, is of course the Moslem Sabbath), and they endeavor, by personal sanctification and by prudential charity towards their Moslem brethren, to witness Jesus Christ to them by their lives and, if called upon, by their deaths. They meet once a week, pray in Arabic (in so far as possible), read from spiritual writings and discuss current problems. Their meeting must last only one hour, including the prayers. Their non-violent position is fundamental: prayer, fasting and sacrifice, they insist, are not capitulations but spiritual arms (as Gandhi proved) and while they categorically condemn the horrors perpetrated in Algeria, they make a clear distinction in morality between the actions of the illiterate "rebels" and the atrocities tolerated by the authorities.

The *Badaliya* fast Ramadhan (the Moslem month of fasting) with and for the Moslem, and undertake individually more stringent fasts for special objectives such as peace in Algeria (Lanza del Vasto, for example, and Parodi, fasted twenty days for this intention). The members keep all-night vigils on Moslem feasts such as *Leilet el-Qadr*, and they also fast *Kippur* as well as *Ihud*. They visit Moslems in prison, and do what they can for the many thousand Frenchwomen married to Algerians in metropolitan France. Hundreds of the husbands of these women have been deported back to Algeria, while on the other hand, thirty thousand young Algerian Moslems have been transferred to France, in order to prevent their being present during the bloody "pacification" of their native villages at home.

Professor Massignon, who inspired the *Badaliya*, and whose inspiration sustains it, has worked all his life for a true integration of Algeria and France, for he believes that God willed that the French should remain these years in Algeria to bring the life of the Crucified to the peoples there. His chief fear—which is the great fear of all who know the Algerian situation—is that the French atrocities and reprisals might turn North Africa Communist. Until now the Arabs have been resolutely anti-Communist, for all Communists are to them white, and as imperialistic and colonizing as any other whites. I remember, ten years ago, asking Messali Hajj whether the Communist Party (it had an office in Algiers) had any Arab adherents, and he said "No. French Communists are still French; Russian Communists are still Russian; and both are working for their own countries, or each other's—not for Algeria." But any port in a storm, and, as the German Resistance admitted Communists (who betrayed them to Hitler) so also the North Africa Resistance may be driven to accept even Communist help. But there is no doubt that the Communists, who betrayed the *putsch*, would equally surely betray the "rebel" Algerians.

Meanwhile, the "other France," though minute in numbers, remembers that "it is better to suffer injustice than to commit injustice," and that is the test which, to a *Moslem* ("one who has surrendered to God") proves that he is a *Moslem*. And for us, as St. Augustine pointed out, it is the test of a Christian. Charity is no substitute, he wrote, for justice withheld. And those who form part of the "other France" witness to the identity, before God, of His justice that must become ours also.

SEARCH FOR TRUTH

Spirit of Thomism

PHILIP SCHARPER

WRITING IN 1902, John Dewey defined scholasticism as "any mode of thought characterized by excessive refinement and subtlety; the making of formal distinctions without end and without special point."

Twenty-four years later, Will Durant omitted scholasticism altogether from his phenomenally successful *The Story of Philosophy*. Contrite but without purpose of amendment, he observed in his preface to the second

edition: "The total omission of scholastic philosophy was an outrage, forgivable only in one who had suffered much from it in seminary and college, and resented it thereafter as rather a disguised theology than an honest philosophy." The omission was never repaired.

Twenty-six years later Herbert Muller, after paying tribute to the work of St. Thomas as "unsurpassed in the history of thought for its combination of imaginative breadth, intellectual rigor and loving care in detail," remarked that "today the philosophy of Aquinas is a kind of historical curiosity for most of those outside

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the Catholic Church and the University of Chicago."

Each of these statements reveals an ignorance of scholasticism in general and of the greatest of scholastics, St. Thomas, in particular. It is, however, an ignorance which is quite understandable. John Dewey was too busy philosophizing to be aware of any but the most vital philosophies, and Thomism was hardly vital in the America of 1902. Will Durant had encountered Thomistic manuals instead of Thomas the master; his knowledge of Thomism was like that of a child who knows Italy only as that green, grotesque boot on the map of Europe. Herbert Muller is recording the learned ignorance of most contemporary American philosophers; Thomism has become vital and productive in the American present, but for the most part Thomists speak only to Thomists in the language of Thomists. The non-Catholic philosopher usually feels that he is overhearing an obviously animated discussion being conducted in a foreign tongue. Etienne Gilson's *Thomisme* was published in France in 1948, and now this translation of it (*The Christian Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas*. Translated by L. K. Shook, C.S.B.; with a catalog of St. Thomas' works by I. T. Eschmann, O.P. Random House. \$7.50.) will make inexplicable and unpardonable the understandable ignorance of Thomism which marked the recent past. For the serious student of philosophy, this work is an authoritative, perhaps indispensable, exposition of Thomistic philosophy.

This is not to say, of course, that the work is flawless. One would like to see, for example, a greater awareness on M. Gilson's part that St. Thomas' proofs for the existence of God may not have quite the same compelling force for the modern mind as they had for the medieval. One is also forced to wonder if M. Gilson is not too dogmatic in asserting that the Thomist must necessarily start his philosophy with God and work down to man.

But these and other questions which might be raised against the book shrink in significance when one considers the tremendous achievement of devoted scholarship, penetrating philosophical judgment and historical analysis which M. Gilson's book represents. It disarms criticism of all but the most specialized sort; one can only say to the general reader: "if you are interested in philosophy, buy, beg, or borrow this book—but by all means read it."

M. GILSON is primarily concerned with an exposition of the philosophy of St. Thomas. His study, however, moves the reader to reflect upon some aspects of Thomism which lie outside the author's intention in this work, but which have a vital relevance for Catholic thought in our day.

Even the most casual reader of St. Thomas must

notice, for example, not only the breadth and the depth of his thought, but the unmistakable quality of his thinking. It is hard to label this distinctive quality, but perhaps it is best expressed by saying that St. Thomas always thinks *justly*.

He thinks justly when he approaches every reality not only with wonder—that traditional union card of the philosopher—but with respect. Thus the staggering thing is not that Thomas treated ten thousand disputed questions in his writings; the staggering thing is that he states each question honestly, examines it honestly, and attempts to solve it honestly. This may seem like faint praise until we recall what is often forgotten, that St. Thomas was, in effect, a controversialist, engaged in one of the most bitter and significant controversies in the history of Western thought. To make matters more complicated, it was a three-cornered controversy, embracing the Averroist-Aristotelians, the Augustinian-Platonists and the school of Albert the Great. Insofar as he can be said to have belonged to any school, St. Thomas belonged to the Albertines, but he drew upon Aristotle, Plato, Augustine and many others to establish his frequently independent positions.

Controversy begot its usual confusion: Thomas was attacked by both camps, and was at times misunderstood by his own. On at least two occasions Thomas had to defend his very orthodoxy in public debate before riotous and largely hostile audiences. To engage in such controversy for twenty years and never to misquote, misjudge nor malign one's adversaries is to think, not only justly, but heroically: "if any man sin not by word, the same is a perfect man."

But the justice of Thomas' thought goes even further. It is observable in his refusal to take anything for granted, whether its source be Aristotle, Plato, Augustine or his own master, Albert. Because it is so often forgotten by both Thomists and non-Thomists, it must be often repeated that, as a philosopher, St. Thomas was a revolutionary thinker, who maintained that an unexamined idea was not worth holding.

Like Socrates before and Julian Huxley after, Thomas asked only that, in philosophy, reason be allowed to go as far as it could go, and his own went too far for the comfort of many. John Peckham, later to be Archbishop of Canterbury, denounced the contribution of Thomas as dangerous "innovations of language," and St. Bonaventure was even moved to question the very usefulness of reason in theological study.

What caused such good men to make such bad arguments against Thomas? It was not, as is sometimes alleged, an anti-intellectualism. It was something even more dangerous—a confusion between the eternal truths of the Church and a particular philosophical explanation of those truths. It had become customary to regard certain neo-Platonic concepts of the human soul and human knowledge as indispensable to the

rational defense of Christian truth. When Thomas gave these philosophical positions a radical re-examination and rejected them, he was suspected of undermining the Faith as well.

LIKE THOMAS, the defenders of "orthodoxy" were concerned with truth, but tended to identify it with their accepted way of looking at things. As a result, history records the irony that three years after Aquinas' death the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Paris and the Archbishop of Oxford all denounced as dangerous certain basic theses of the man who would later be proclaimed the Common Doctor of the Church. Neither the teachings nor the spirit of Thomas have ever since dominated the philosophical life of the Church, despite the contrary assumption of even most Catholics.

The irony, of course, runs even deeper into history. The various condemnations of 1277 made St. Thomas "controversial" in the opinion of many, and the ensuing battles that were fought over his ideas tended to obscure the genius who had conceived them. As a result, it was not Thomas who was to shape the next two centuries; it was William of Ockham, who destroyed the Thomist structure stone by stone.

Ockham reduced theology to faith, and philosophy to logic; his man resembles a resourceful demi-god; his God resembles a human ruler with a whim of iron. When, two centuries later, Martin Luther first defined his intellectual position, he declared himself an Ockhamist, and he identified Ockhamism with the Church's teaching on the nature of God, the operation of grace and the fallen state of man.

When Luther later declared his rebellion against the Church, it was largely against Ockhamist theology that he was initially rebelling, even while he retained, paradoxically, Ockham's destructive mistrust of metaphysics. The entire religious history of the West might well have been different had the early spiritual struggles of Luther taken place within a Catholicism dominated by Thomas Aquinas rather than by William of Ockham.

These and similar ironies which cluster around the history of Thomism are important today if for no other reason than that they show how important the spirit of Thomas is to the intellectual life of the Church, and how, in its crises, that spirit has been missing.

Thomas' readiness to realize that truth has many facets and can come from unexpected sources stands in sharp contrast, for example, to the attitude of so many Catholic scholars in the nineteenth century who did not understand what Darwin was saying but were quite sure that he was wrong. Similarly, the blanket rejection of Freud, of Bergson or of Bohr by so many Catholic scholars bears little resemblance to the patient, plodding examination by Thomas of every new idea to

see if it might not be a welcome extension or corrective shading of an old one.

In another, and even more crucial area, how different might have been the political history of the last one hundred and fifty years if Catholic thinkers had retained Thomas' "combination of imaginative breadth, intellectual rigor and loving care in detail" to which Herbert Muller paid tribute.

BUT CATHOLIC thought was living, in the nineteenth century, on the patrimony, not of Thomas, but of Descartes, just as it had lived four centuries earlier on the patrimony of Ockham. Heady with "the clear and distinct idea," too many Catholic thinkers approached reality with the abstractions and absolutism of the geometrist.

As a result, they could not see that the "democratic revolution," despite its frequent anti-clericalism and often shabby philosophies, was morally, historically and socially justified in its insistence upon the equality of all men in the possession of natural rights. Due to the neglect of Christians, this movement toward a fuller and deeper humanity did not have its origin in Christian thought, but it was crying out for the deeper dimension which only Christian thought could give. But practice in distinguishing wheat from cockle was not part of the Cartesian inheritance, and the Catholic world, for the most part, left the blind but blessed energies of freedom, equality and brotherhood to be exploited and debased by the forces of secularism. (It was not that Catholics simply stood aloof from these profound changes; they formed, in instance after instance, the bulwarks of reaction, and used the strength of Catholicism to shore up decaying monarchies and rotting social structures.)

The same Cartesian itch for simplicity and clarity, as opposed to the Thomistic sense of complexity, affects those numerous Catholics in the twentieth century who support Fascism, not as the lesser of two totalitarian evils, but as the embodiment of the political and social principles of the papal encyclicals, and even maintain that Fascism's insistence upon "discipline" makes it obviously congenial to the Catholic ethos.

Instances such as these, and they could be multiplied, show that whole segments of modern Catholicism, while preserving "faith" in God, have lost faith in man, have developed, in fact, an almost neurotic suspicion of man and his works. It is one of the supreme achievements of Thomas that he so clearly articulated the grounds of belief in both God and man. This two-fold faith gave point and power to his search for truth. It is also the source of his continuing relevance for the modern world, for it enabled Thomas to take God, man and history with complete seriousness. Very few philosophers have ever managed to do so, in this or any other age.

THE RIGHT QUESTIONS

HERE WE ARE, people of many religions and of none, sharing the great common American experience. We are Protestants, Catholics, Jews, agnostics and atheists, and all of us together are America. I suppose that a medieval contemplating the possibility of such a nation as ours would be moved to say that it could not be. But here we are.

Among us tolerance is not only desirable, it is imperative. Who can even imagine the shambles if it were not the ideal and were not generally practiced? And yet tolerance itself is something of a miracle. When you consider how profoundly Americans are divided, and on the things that matter most, our unity is much more impressive than the inevitable friction between groups.

Tolerance did not come easy, though it is now a national habit. It was strengthened by a hundred different conventions and reticences. For years religion, though it is the most fascinating of all topics, was something gentlemen did not discuss at social gatherings. Men who were otherwise brutally outspoken walked on eggs when the subject came up. The general press usually confined its religious reporting to parish activities and was nervous as a new curate when it dealt with anything more controversial than a change in clerical assignments or the laying of a cornerstone. You could talk about anything under interfaith auspices but God.

All this, however silly it may sound, was probably wise, based as it was on the supposition that religious hostility is like a time-bomb that may go off at any time. We quietly admitted, at least by our actions, that our much exalted tolerance was skin-deep.

But things are changing. There is a growing willingness to talk about religion. It began with platitudes, utter banalities such as the President is capable of, but religion is not the kind of subject that can long be confined to platitudes. Discussion soon burst beyond these limits. Theological interest is evident everywhere. A man like Paul Tillich attracts surprisingly large crowds to hear his university lectures. The sale of pocketbook editions of weighty religious writings is impressive. Religious thinkers are beginning to be found among the fashionable commencement speakers and among the contributors to serious magazines. The article with theological overtones is no longer an oddity in the mass circulation magazine.

All this is good, if only because the nation needs the kind of wisdom found in religious thought in order to understand itself. For the questions the theologians have dealt with through the ages are *the* questions. If one is talking about preserving a free

society or guaranteeing the integrity of the individual in a mass culture such questions are inescapable.

One does not have to be a believer to appreciate the fact that whatever else might be said for or against the theologians, they have asked the right questions. Because such questions were usually avoided—perhaps deliberately so—the discussions about America in the recent past often had a tinny ring. The intellectual community was so anxious to avoid theological formulas that a set of clichés was developed that ultimately stood in the way of all thought. For any serious thought inevitably works its way back to such basic questions as man's end and purpose and the end and purpose of the society in which he lives. These are questions such as theologians might ask.

Discussions between believers and non-believers, or between believers of different persuasions, are fraught with danger. They can blow up into bitter—and embittering—controversy, or melt into sweet meaninglessness. The one thing necessary, as Maritain has said, is friendship—or, to give it its Christian name, love. Without love, it were better no discussions were held.

Maritain, I think, has written more wisely on this subject than any other man. His latest little booklet, *Truth and Human Fellowship* (Princeton University) is a gem of Thomist clarity. In it he urges conversation between men of different beliefs, arguing that even the pure service of Truth should not wall off one man from another. For how can the Truth divide what the love of God unites? The stiff-necked have no friend in Maritain. But just as the Christian in him cries out against a Truth which would destroy love, so the philosopher in him protests against the charity that could only be found by betraying Truth.

"A mutual love which would be bought at the price of faith," he writes, "which would base itself on some form of eclecticism, or which . . . would say, 'I love him who does not have my faith because, after all, I am not sure that my faith is the true faith . . . in so saying would reduce faith to a mere historical inheritance and seal it with the seal of agnosticism and relativity. Such a love, for anyone who believes he has heard the word of God, would amount to putting man above God. . . ."

"We can render judgment concerning ideas, truths, or errors; good or bad actions; character, temperament, and what appears to us of a man's interior disposition. But we are utterly forbidden to judge the innermost heart. . . . When it comes to that there is only one thing to do and that is to trust in God. And that is precisely what love for our neighbor prompts us to do."

JOHN COGLEY.

THE SCREEN

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

PERHAPS it was a mistake for Producer Jerry Wald to call his movie "An Affair To Remember"—because what we remember is that the last time this film turned up on our screens it was called "Love Affair" and seemed much better than this version. It probably wasn't better at all, but so much soap has gone into the washer since 1939 that we can look back with affectionate nostalgia to when Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer played the romantic couple who tossed wisecracks back and forth as they fell desperately in love and then agreed to separate and meet again on the top of the Empire State Building if they could get rid of their entanglements. In the new version Deborah Kerr and Cary Grant play the couple with a great deal of charm, especially in the first half of the film when they go in for long bouts of verbal fencing aboard the ocean liner *Constitution* (beautifully photographed in CinemaScope and De Luxe Color).

Cary is a drifter, a jack-of-all-talents who could be a good painter, and Deborah a former night club singer. Neither has very much money, and money is what they are mainly interested in and are returning to America to marry. In spite of their resistance, love proves bigger than both of them—especially after the *Constitution* stops at a vague island and they visit Cary's wise old grandmother (Cathleen Nesbitt) who realizes they would be good for each other. Before the ship docks in New York, they make their pact; and then they separate, Deborah to get rid of wealthy Richard Denning, Cary to dispose of heiress Neva Patterson and to prove he can make a living at painting. Comes the day of the rendezvous on top of the Empire State Building and Deborah is hit by a truck or something on the way and, because she may never walk again, is too proud to notify Cary, who waits in the rain and leaves in bitterness.

Leo McCarey, who directed both versions, made few changes when he rewrote the script with Delmer Daves for "An Affair To Remember." While he is a master at handling scenes of light banter that eventually lead to the lump-in-the-throat, he stuffs too many lumps down our throats in the last half of his new film. His sentimental soap opera is very sad indeed—and also a little silly.

LESS SUDSY in treatment, but still composed of the same stuff, is "Man on Fire." Determined not to fall into any sentimental traps, Ranald MacDougall, who directed and wrote the screenplay for this story of a divorce, is almost bitter in his realistic approach.

Bing Crosby, singing nary a song, gives a first-rate performance in the lead role of an immature man who won full custody of his little boy (except for visits to the mother) when he divorced his wife. His ex-wife (Mary Fickett), who has remarried and established a new home, is now suing for custody of the boy; and Bing, unpleasantly vindictive, threatens to expose her love affair with her present husband, the affair that broke up her nine-year marriage to Bing. Bing's lawyer (E. G. Marshall) and his attractive young assistant (Inger Stevens), who's especially interested in the case and in Bing, persuade the irate father to keep quiet and let the court decide.

Although one sides with neither the father, who married in the first place only to have a son, nor the mother, who felt unwanted in her marriage and turned to another man for love, one sympathizes with them both. Most sympathy, however, goes to the child (sensitively played by Malcolm Brodrick) who hates being handed back and forth "like a thing." The film's most moving scene takes place in the chambers of the thoughtful woman judge (Anne Seymour). When she awards the mother full custody of the boy, Bing goes on a long binge from which he is finally rescued by the pretty young lawyer. "Man on Fire" is an interesting and disturbing film; while it condemns neither divorce nor remarriage after divorce, it does present a grim and reflective picture of how the child suffers from a divided home.

STRANGELY ENOUGH, another father-son film that does a lot of soul-searching is a western, complete with gunplay, fast riding and cattle photographed in MetroColor and CinemaScope. Under Roy Rowland's able direction, Stewart Granger plays the rancher who deserted his wife and son years ago and now returns with a legendary reputation as a gunslinger. He finds his wife dead and his son (Steve Rowland) a young man tending the ranch and nursing a hatred for his father. Young Rowland says bitterly that without a pair of guns in his hands his famous father is simply a "nothing."

In some ways "Gun Glory" is typical of today's westerns that deplore glorification of the gunman but admit there are times when you have to use a gun, especially when the villain, like this one portrayed by James Gregory, insists on driving his herds through the peaceful town and through Granger's own ranch. Although "Gun Glory" is an unusually melodramatic kind of horse opera, it rises above most samples in this genre through its skillful handling and acting of the father-son theme. Needless to say, the problem is resolved, and by the end of the film sonny has learned to forgive and respect pop.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

NEWMAN ON BELIEF AND UNBELIEF

IN A RECENT issue of *Blackfriars* (34 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1), H. Francis Davis writes of Cardinal Newman in the light of some of the latest studies of his life and work. This is a brief extract from Mr. Davis' article, "Newman: The Individual and the Church."

What was really characteristic of Newman's attitude was his contention that there was something about the original approach of believer and heretic which determined their conclusions in advance. He explained this by his theory of what he called "first principles." These first principles are not, in Newman's philosophy, what the Scholastic means by that term. To begin with, they are peculiarly personal and to a great extent unrecognized. Certainly they are never questioned. If they were liable to be questioned, they would no longer be what Newman called first principles. Sometimes he called them "assumptions," without meaning necessarily that they were wrong.

Temperament, education, family, social environment, one's own private history, personal experiences, passion—these are the sort of factors which form each person's starting-point in adapting himself at any moment to life. Much of the difficulty of persuading other people of an important truth springs from the fact that we so easily forget that all problems are approached by other people from a different angle. Newman did not pretend, of course, that one was just a victim to one's point of view. He recognized to the full each man's intellectual and moral responsibility. No one could be at a further extreme from behaviorism than Newman. Like St. Augustine, he defended the view that we are to a considerable extent morally responsible for our convictions and opinions. So according to him, once we set out, each from his own personal starting-point, there exists in each one of us a master-tendency which directs all the others, selecting, rejecting, adopting those we require. It is probably to this that the great difference between believer and unbeliever can be traced. The believer has, probably from an early age, held the voice of God in his conscience with deep reverence. He has listened to it, and developed it. As he has developed it, he has come to see in his conscience an intimation of a loving Father. This has led him to desire to know more of this Father. It has led him, then, to look forward to a revelation. Once the revelation has been found, he has accepted with joy the truths that have been understood to come through this revelation, and he has prayed over them and contemplated them. If they have

been attacked, he has defended them. This defense and loving contemplation have led to a deeper understanding of the original revealed truth. Where many such devoted searchers for God have been united in a believing community, such as the Church of Christ, there has been a common growth, one mind helping the other, so that gradually any understanding of the truth held by any one of the community would more and more tend to become the property and faith of all. Newman, of course, understood that, unless there were some safeguard, such as the infallible guidance of the Holy Spirit, the desired growth in understanding might result in a corruption of the original idea. . . .

Such development does not take place in the unbeliever, simply because, from the beginning, he is not sympathetic to seeing God in his conscience. Newman saw the freethinker's basic attitude to life, his deepest "first principle" as one of independence and self-sufficiency. Conscience appeared to the unbeliever from the beginning as a threat to this self-sufficiency, with the result that there was a strong urge in his whole attitude towards life to explain conscience away. . . .

It is a favorite topic of Newman to describe how the rationalist temper manages to find ways of reducing the conscience to human law, or to expediency, or to beauty. Once the moral sense has been demoralized, "there are these principles of conduct, which may be plausibly made use of in order to dispense with Conscience; viz., Law, Expedience, and Propriety." These, especially the last-named, are plausible; and yet greatly, it appears, under the control of one's reason. The desire for God and the supernatural gradually diminishes. This desire absent, there is lacking that urge or basic tendency which drives the individual to look for God, and to want to know more about Him. . . .

The reader who has progressed thus far will perhaps feel that Newman's position is fundamentally an agnostic one. He will be inclined to form a caricature of it in his mind something like this. If I want God, then I must allow myself to be led on in one direction, and eventually I will persuade myself that He is there. If I do not, I will eventually persuade myself there is no God. Reason would seem to have little part in either process. . . . As was pointed out, Newman claimed that there was a real, though personal, process of reasoning in both cases. But, in the case of the religious man, he claimed that the first principles from which he set out are the first principles common to healthy mankind, until they are corrupted by abuse. The first principles, on the other hand, of the unbeliever are rather of the nature of prejudices or party slogans or superficial party-cries. One may ask: How is it that the unbeliever is more liable to such superficial principles? The answer is that, whenever men

substitute superficialities or mere abstractions for reality, it is always a case of the wish being the father of the thought. The man who seeks God under the driving-power of his conscience is responding to a tendency of his nature which is supremely concrete and real to him. There is no selfish wish driving him to such a belief, disturbing as it must be to his pride and passions. On the contrary, it is at first inescapably bound up with real life, with his own real faults and failings. Whereas the man who starts out from an urge to self-sufficiency is, by common agreement of mankind, the escapist who wishes to flee from reality.

COMMUNICATIONS

ARREST OF THE PACIFISTS

New York, N.Y.

TO the Editors: I was very happy indeed to read your editorial of July 26th about the arrest of the pacifists. I certainly appreciate the fact, that year after year, and now for the third time, The Commonwealth has clearly stated its position concerning the *Catholic Worker* and Dorothy Day during the annual air raid rehearsals. I entirely agree with the Commonwealth editors, that it is "folly to treat them [the pacifists] as criminals." To sentence this group to a month in jail is, in my opinion too, a disregard of what *is* a matter of conscience.

I will not discuss any further the legal and political aspects of the case, which seem to me futile. Pacifism is *not* a recent invention; even Czarist Russia had to deal with it quite often, and drastically too, until Tolstoy, whom nobody dared throw into jail, came out with statements which would certainly stir indignation among the pharisees of our time. As to civil disobedience, this too is not an "invention" of the *Catholic Worker* or any other pacifists today. Civil disobedience was applied by Mahatma Gandhi, who was also jailed, and finally gained his cause.

From my own experience, in France during the "phony war" and later, we had plenty of air-alerts—real ones, with sirens warning us about real planes approaching. Paris was not bombed at that time, nor was it seriously attacked by air later, but the air-defense machinery had to be put to real tests, not just mock-drills. We were told of the possibility of poison-gas bombs, and instructed to get gas masks, and adhesive tape to protect our doors and windows. But soon there were no more gas-masks—I never got mine—no more tape, no shelters sufficient to accommodate the tenants of our apartment house. . . . We did not and could not obey orders which were absurd and unrealistic. One of my friends, who did follow the rules,

made her apartment so impervious to poison gas that she got claustrophobia and fainted. I wish the judges who sentence Dorothy Day from year to year could know such "true life adventures." They would then be able to say exactly what *are* the hazards of a *real* air attack. And now that we live in the age of atom and hydrogen bombs, it is surely more appropriate to do penance, as does Dorothy Day, than to have mock drills and to send people to non-existent shelters. When the names of these judges will long be forgotten, and I, who write these lines, will be turned into dust, Dorothy Day's name will be remembered. Blessed, indeed, are the peacemakers, "for they will be called the children of God."

HELENE ISWOLSKY.

ASIA AND THE FUTURE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I read with great interest the article in your July 19th issue by C. K. Yearley Jr. entitled "Asia and the Future." Mr. Yearley's comments on Asia's importance for *the* future and for *our* future are most timely, especially since our future relations with Asia—and it is most important to us that they be friendly—depend a great deal on what we do now.

In this connection, I should like to mention an address given on January 26, 1957, at the Roosevelt Day Dinner of the ADA Washington Chapter by Mr. Justice William O. Douglas, and inserted by the Honorable Hubert M. Humphrey into the Congressional Record of January 30, 1957, page A.597.

Justice Douglas well points out the present failure of American policy in Asia and analyzes masterfully, I think, the reasons for that failure. I cannot detail his analysis here, but I think I can fairly state his main point as this: we have failed to understand and sympathize with the Asian and his problems, and we have failed to utilize in practice our own potent ideals and human strengths.

What is very little understood—and I want to emphasize it here—is the intimate connection between Hawaiian Statehood and American problems in Asia. There are many facets in this connection, and I can state them only briefly and partially here:

1) The propaganda value of Hawaiian Statehood to American efforts in Asia is what is usually recognized whenever there is any recognition given at all to the relation between these two. This is an important value, since our warfare with Communism in Asia is to no small extent a psychological and ideological one. The great proportion of Hawaii's population is of Asian ancestry, and the Communists—not so much officially and publicly, but privately and on the popular level—use America's delay to grant Hawaii Statehood as an

indication of the American attitude toward Asians. This is borne out, to the Asian, by the impression—whether justified or not—the American often gives of feeling superior to the Asian, of assuming that the Asian knows nothing (or at least nothing worth knowing) and that he knows everything, and so on.

2) What I want especially to emphasize is the concrete, practical value and impetus which Hawaiian Statehood would give to American efforts in Asia. Hawaii's people of Asian ancestry are fully American; in fact they are, in many instances, more fully conscious of American ideals and beliefs than are many Americans to whom these have become something to take for granted. Furthermore, these people understand the Asian and his problems, and sympathize with them. Commercially, economically, politically, socially, ideologically—in all areas—Hawaii's people provide a powerful and relatively untapped resource upon which the United States can draw to advance its own interests and counteract those of godless ideology in Asia. We can't avoid having relations with the Asian peoples, and the State of Hawaii would be our best avenue for peaceful, profitable relations with these peoples.

Manifestly, Hawaii's people cannot be of optimum service until they are themselves released from the

Territorial system which operates as a constantly present bar to their own realization of their own full potentialities, and which, consciously and unconsciously, makes them feel they are not much trusted. Again, the matter is a psychological one. There are already many programs in operation—Government and non-Government—which bring into close contact Hawaii's people with the people of Asia. And they have proved singularly successful, though they nowhere near reach the potential extensive and intensive sphere of influence and goodwill which Hawaii's people, under Statehood, could generate and activate among the Asian peoples. Hawaii's Americans of Oriental ancestry are a strong, urgent reason for Statehood, rather than the reverse.

If more people, in the Congress, in the United States generally, and even in Hawaii, were aware of the immense importance and value—in just this one aspect—of Hawaiian Statehood to the welfare of the United States, and were actively concerned about it, Hawaii would have had Statehood some time ago, and would already, as she is uniquely qualified and ready to do, be furthering that welfare immeasurably more than her present status allows.

JOHN A. BURNS,
House of Representatives.

BOOKS

A Tireless Ulysses in Quest of Knowledge

THE MIND AND ART OF HENRY ADAMS. By J. C. Levenson. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.

By JOHN COURNOS

IF OUT OF the cauldron of hereditary influences Henry Adams failed to retain the drive which made the Adamses political activists, he managed to save the mind and integrity which made him so inspired a recorder and interpreter of history, with an added quality which conferred on his chronicles the status of art.

In one of his too rare asides, Mr. Levenson attributes Adams' quality of acute perception, that something which distinguishes works of original genius from those of mere scholarly competence, to the intrusion of the one alien factor into the Adams clan, i.e., Louisa Johnson, a Southerner. She married Adams' grandfather John Quincy Adams, and by posing the Southern ease against the New England conscience, she conferred on the

Adamses a dimension previously lacking.

The very presence of this lovely soft-spoken woman—and the boy's first journey to the slave-ridden South—opened his eyes, and he was able to glimpse the two-sidedness of a world which he had hitherto seen as an exclusively Adamsian affair. "Louisa Johnson," Mr. Levenson asserts, "meant his capacity to be educated in tone. Thanks to her, the contrarities he loved to ponder existed in lively tension rather than lifeless dichotomies."

Mr. Levenson might have added that Louisa had an even more substantial claim, and to a deeper recognition, for her life with the rigid-minded John Quincy Adams could not have been an easy one. The journey from St. Petersburg of this indomitable woman, alone with her little Charles, through the almost impassable winter roads during the upheaval of the Hundred Days must have been an ordeal to tax the stoutest heart. Her destination was Paris, where her husband

awaited her. Young Henry could scarcely have failed to equate her warm depths of love with the insistent demands of duty represented by the stern grandfather, who when he was close to eighty took the demurring eight-year-old Henry by the hand and without a word led him along a hot, shadeless, mile-long road until he deposited him in his seat at school.

Such seeming irrelevances have meaning in the case of Henry Adams, for they are at the root of his developing temperament and are an essential part of his mind and his art, which Mr. Levenson has set out to interpret. We are told, for example, of his visit with artist John La Farge to Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa, but we are not told of his fastidious reaction to the novelist's bohemian way of life. Early in his career he learned that the day of the Adamses as a power in the land was done. The residue, however, of the Adams pride remained, and found sublimation in exalted scholarship. A perfectionist,

with all the detachment of one, he took a position above the battle, and looked down his Adams nose at a humanity struggling for it knew not what. His curiosity was immense, and he became a Ulysses in quest of knowledge.

Having, in the words of the author, "made politics his subject, not his career," he turned Harvard professor of history and wrote a nine-volume study of American history which was a work of art as well as a sound history. Overcoming his own aristocratic scruple, he recognized in his detachment the value and fineness of Jeffersonian democracy, and demonstrated how the rank and file of American people, however material their normal preoccupations, proved their worth in emergencies and crises, through their skills and courage always rising to heroic heights. He stressed the undercurrents of strength and the potentialities of the technological revolution, as well as their relation to American character and the direction they imposed on American patriotism.

Following his wife's death by suicide in 1885, Adams, his life "cut in halves," traveled far and wide, and ultimately came to Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres, which involved him in an experience of depth and, incidentally, one which in the case of a man different from Adams might have worked a revolution profoundly influencing his psyche, creating a state of mind and soul we commonly call conversion. For there, at Chartres, Adams found the peace he had craved. He admired the Virgin, who was not only love but also a mover of men, stirring them to action and achievement. "All the steam in the world could not, like the Virgin, build Chartres," he wrote, and promptly set to work equating the power of the Virgin with that of the Dynamo he saw at the World's Fair. Science moved the world, it is true, yet there was no love in it; but Adams, by some quirk of the mind, attached to the Machine a mystic virtue.

As Mr. Levenson points out, Adams had the facile knack of

stepping from one century to another. It was easy for him to step from the twelfth century back into the twentieth, when his *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* was published, and it answered his historical sense, which told him he was a modern, even if one with a hankering for the past. It was a game of the mind, and nothing more. We are apt to admire the man who sees both sides, as Adams did, but he must expect to suffer the usual penalty of being knocked on the head by both one side and the other.

Mr. Levenson does his best for Henry Adams. As an exposition of Adams's intellectual development and ideas, his book is not without merit, though we find ourselves wishing now and again that he had a greater gift for simplification. Adams, indeed, needs a simplifier. As a character he is as complex as the multiverse he took so much trouble to describe and expound. And however much we may agree on the undoubted quality of his mind and art, we may also ask ourselves: what of his heart?

"Who Shall Bear the Flame?"

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Material for Satiric Comment

REVOLUTION AND ROSES. By P. H. Newby. Knopf. \$3.50.

By GERALD WEALES

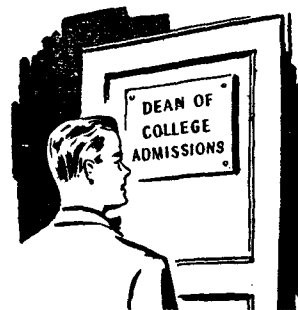
P. H. NEWBY'S new novel *Revolution and Roses* makes no claim (except for the familiar overstatement of the jacket blurb) to any high seriousness. It is a preposterous adventure story set in Alexandria at the time of King Farouk's deposition. The form is farce, and the author's occasional pretense that the characters represent real people is never sustained enough or substantiated enough to lift the novel far above the slapstick with which it is liberally salted.

It might be possible to make a case (although I will not make it very strenuously) for the novel as a comic examination of appearances. Every one of the characters is continually acting, pretending to be someone that he is not. Elaine, who works in a newspaper office in England, imagines herself a foreign correspondent. Lieutenant Yehia, an inept Egyptian army officer, sees himself as the embodiment of love and heroism. Tim Blainey, a gawking young man, assumes that his writing ambitions give him the eye of a practiced and perceptive observer. Garrulous Mr. Dragoumis considers himself a political philosopher and Mrs. Dragoumis lives continually on the expectation of rape or martyrdom. In each case, the character seems to have concocted his assumed role from hearsay, literary tag-ends and too close addiction to the movies. Since these busy masks race all around the edges of the Egyptian revolution, by extension the revolution itself—the escape of Farouk, the victory of Naguib, the behavior of the British officials—becomes an elaborate game. The characters and setting, then, would seem to provide the material for an acid portrait of a handful of romantics which could serve as the focus for satiric comment on international politics—Egyptian variety.

Newby's novel, however, never

turns to acid. The author plays his principals for laughs and the political substance that lies somewhere behind the horseplay never comes into focus. Farouk and Naguib are only seen at a distance, cardboard backdrops against which the comedy is played; Nasser is mentioned once casually; the British ambassador is absent, and, although there is some bite in the fact that there is a garden party on the ambassadorial lawn on the night the Naguib forces come to Alexandria, it is an anonymous second secretary and a pipe-smoking amateur acting vice-consul who become the butt of the ribbing that British officialdom takes. The glancing satire that might be implied by making fools and poseurs of all the officials, English and Egyptian, royalist and revolutionary, is lost when every character in the book behaves foolishly or maintains a pose. There is no oasis of common sense against which the action can be measured. There is not even an author's attitude that can serve as a reference, for Newby appears to think that everyone and everything are equally farcical.

The novel seems finally to be not so much a comedy with reality as its point of departure as a parody intent on kidding literary attitudes. Elaine's concept of the behavior of foreign correspondents might have been formed at American movies; Yehia's self-dramatization might be by Rudyard Kipling out of Baroness Orczy; Mrs. Dragoumis' continuous nightmare might result from a diet of rich chocolate creams and paperbacked French novels. As a result, *Revolution and Roses* becomes the novelistic equivalent of a movie like John Houston's "Beat the Devil," which makes fun of a variety of kinds of adventure film. In fact, *Revolution and Roses* might make a funny movie. The characters are not so much realized comic portraits as they are sketches just waiting to be given flesh by talented actors; the background—particularly the garden party—cries for eccentric English bit players. Much of the action—the assault on Ras el-Tin



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These articles are typical of the quality of the writing and of the wide range of interest to be found in *The Commonweal*, week by week. To make sure that in the weeks ahead you do not miss equally interesting articles, as well as editorials, dispatches from abroad, criticism of stage, screen and books, send two dollars plus the coupon below.

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(slapstick with bullets), Tim Blainey's fall from a launch, the mad drive with Yehia through the streets of Alexandria—could be conveyed much more quickly and neatly on film than it is in words.

There are funny things in Newby's novel (mostly involving Mrs. Dragoumis), but for the most part it (again like "Beat the Devil") offers a richness of potentially funny incident which results somehow in a scarcity of real laughter. It is a literary shaggy-dog story—a joke that is long on preparation but short on punch-line.

No Howl of Injury

MIRI. By Peter Sourian. Pantheon. \$3.50.

By ALICE SAXON

IN MANY ways a very youthful book by a youthful author (twenty-three), *Miri* has much to commend it. Primarily, it is what a much older author might hope to achieve—a successful narrative. This author has a good sense of situational interest, and he has also the ability to take up the reader's curiosity and, with a technique marked by economy, keep possession of it till he has done. At no time does the story sound a false note.

It concerns a triangle that arises between a young Greek war orphan, her American-born cousin whose father is a wealthy shipowner, and her cousin's roommate at an eastern college. Each character is carefully realized in a way that contributes to the understanding of the general type—Miri, the Greek girl, at once naive and experienced, hardened and gently feminine, without counterpart among her American sisters; Lexy, her cousin, alternately proud of and rebellious against his Greek heritage; and Josh, the earnest young American from an honest, hard-working emotionally-inhibited white collar home, who is infatuated by the exotic flavor of his roommate's family life. The portrayal of Josh, initially seeming to possess advantages over his slovenly roommate as the prototype of the all-around,

clean-cut young Ivy leaguer, gradually fading and ill-confident before the innate charm and color of Miri and Lexy, is an extremely sensitive bit of insight with interesting overtones.

The story of the growing relationships between the three young people is told in turn by each of them—Miri, Josh and finally Lexy—and the device is put to maximum advantage. From Miri's subdued puzzlings through Lexy's explosive reactions, the choice of order is an effective one. The unfitted pieces of the puzzle that make up each account, the changing moods, ignorance, and curiosity are transmitted to the reader so that the fundamental suspense of the situation is never wasted but dispensed steadily, tiding the author over to the final pages.

But Mr. Sourian is most particularly to be congratulated for the absence in this novel of young people of any distorted sense of importance; there is no howl of injury at the inheritance of an uninspiring world, no frantic or pensive glory-

ing in the virtue of simply being young. Both Lexy and Josh are struggling with dilemmas suited to their individual tastes: Lexy has run away from home and from his affluent but dictatorial father and is working his way through college (but he is secretly overjoyed at the slap on the face his father greets him with on his return); and Josh is constantly tense with self-dissatisfaction and scrupulosity and momentary yearnings toward Goodness. But the viewpoint of the author is sufficiently complex that neither of these heroes is foisted on the reader as Hamlet.

The book manifests the presence of a well-balanced and undaunted consciousness. Its scope is not particularly large or profound; but inscribed within a limited total action are smaller propelling movements of restless inquiry, a search for psychological truths, the true motive, the other side of the picture, the precise state of mind. These qualities which might be said to be characteristic (though not exclusively) of a youthful temperament give life to the writing. On the other hand the style is weakened by an affected casualness as if the author felt this to be inseparable from "sincerity" or "realism." Whole paragraphs are filled with: then I thought this and then I thought that but then again I thought this and I thought that too, until I thought this again. Apparently the effect is intended but the prose becomes spineless and grating.

Mr. Sourian has said this is actually his fourth novel (the first to be published) and that the first one was "terrible." This suggests energy and an active self-critical power which promises well for the future.

REVIEWERS

John Cournos, a frequent contributor, is a well-known critic and an anthologist of Americana.

Gerald Weales, a member of the staff of *Forbes* magazine, contributes articles and verse to a number of American journals.

Alice Saxon, a regular contributor to *The Commonwealth*, has written both fiction and reviews.

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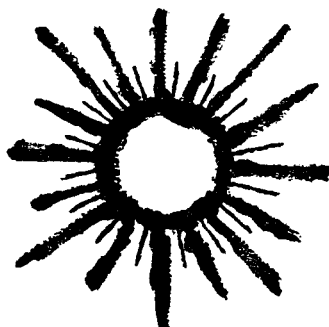
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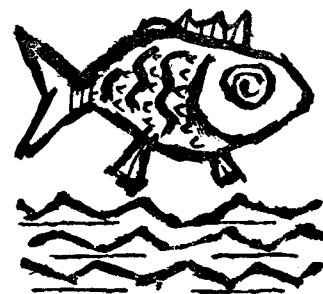
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